DECEMBER 1992
VOL. 11 No. 12

THE TOKEN HUNTER

A Publication of the

National Utah Token Society

10th Anniversary

Dedicated To Collecting, Recording and Preserving Medals and Tokens

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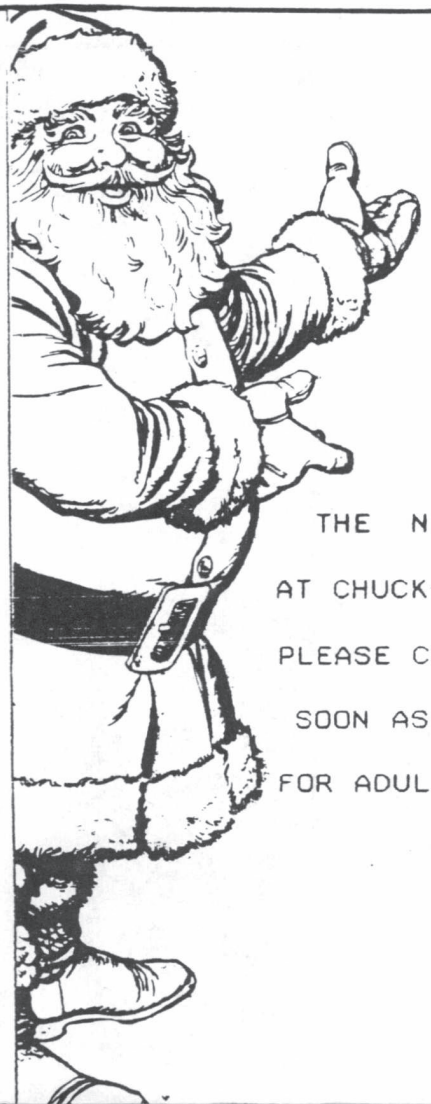
NEXT MEETING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
DECEMBER						
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

PRIZES !

DEC. 29: CHRISTMAS DINNER

PRIZES ! PRIZES & PRIZES



THE NEXT CLUB MEETING WILL BE THE HELD DEC. 29 AT CHUCK-A-RAMA, ON 2960 SOUTH AND HIGHLAND DRIVE, AT 7:00 PLEASE CALL A OFFICE OR BOB CAMPBELL TO MAKE A RESERVATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. COST, INCLUDING TIP AND TAX, IS $9.50 FOR ADULTS AND $3.50 FOR CHILDREN UNDER 12

FROM THE PRESIDENT

DEAR N.U.T.S. MEMBERS

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS YEAR IS OVER. THE CHRISTMAS PARTY IS COMING UP ON DEC. 29. SO BE SURE TO MARK THAT ON YOUR CALENDER.

THE LAST MEETING HAD A GOOD TURN OUT, BOYD CRAWFORD GAVE A GREAT PRESATATION ON OGDEN POST CARDS. SEEING HIS SLIDE SHOW WAS GREAT, THE TOWN OF OGDEN HAS CHANGED A GREAT DEAL! THANK YOU BOYD.

IT LOOKED LIKE EVERYONE ENJOYED IT.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE CURRENT OFFICERS FOR THEIR TIME AND CONTRIBUTIONS DURING THE PAST YEAR. I THINK WE HAVE HAD A SUCCESSFUL YEAR AND I AM CONFIDENT THAT THIS SUCCESS WILL CARRY OVER INTO 1993.

OUR SPEAKER FOR THE JANUAY MEETING WILL BE ANOUNCED IN THE JANUARY TOKEN HUNTER.

SEE YOU AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY. I WISH EVERYONE AND THEIR FAMILIES A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SINCERELY, RALPH GOLD

Inventory of items recieved from the National Utah Token Society

40 Silver dimes of various dates.
11 1985 N.U.T.S. medals, 5 cast in Zinc, 3 cast in Pewter and 6 raw Zinc casts showing a mold cancelation.
9 1986 N.U.T.S. medals, 2 cast in Zinc, 1 cast in Pewter and 6 raw casts showing a mold cancelation.
7 1987 N.U.T.S. medals, 1 cast in Zinc and 6 raw casts showing a mold cancelation.
6 1988 N.U.T.S. medals cast in Zinc.
5 1989 N.U.T.S. medals, 2 struck in Brass, 2 struck in Silver and 1 struck in Copper.
4 1990 N.U.T.S. medals, 2 struck in Brass,(1 showing a canceled obverse die) 1 struck in Silver and 1 struck in Copper.
4 1991 N.U.T.S. medals, 2 struck in Brass,(1 showing a canceled obverse die) 1 struck in Silver and 1 struck in Copper.
2 1992 N.U.T.S. medals 1 struck in Silver and 1 struck in Brass.
8 over struck U.S. cents which show the N.U.T.S. club logo on the obverse and reads, "good for free admision to club meeting" on the reverse.
2 canceled molds used to produce the 1985 N.U.T.S. medals.
2 canceled molds used to produce the 1986 N.U.T.S. medals.
2 canceled molds used to produce the 1987 N.U.T.S. medals.
1 obverse die used to produce the 1989 N.U.T.S. medals.
1 canceled obverse die used to produce the 1990 N.U.T.S. medals.
1 canceled obverse die used to produce the 1991 N.U.T.S. medals.
2 pieces of a broken N.U.T.S. reverse, medal die.
1 rubber stamp which reads, Salt Lake City Utah 4th annual A.T.C.O. convention 1 of 100 by N.U.T.S. Oct. 10-12 1986.
Token Hunter originals for March thru December 1984 and January thru December 1985.
Token Hunter copies for March 1887, January, July, September, October and November 1988, January and April 1989, March 1992, September, October and December 1991.
Copies of The Numismatist (a publication of the American Numismatic Association) for November 1985, February, October and December 1986, November 1987, January, March, April,May, June, August, September, October and December 1991, January, February and March 1992.
Copies of First Strike (a publication of the American Numusmatic Association) Volume I Numbers 3 and 4, Volume II Numbers 1,2,3 and 4, Volume III Number 1 and Summer 1987.
1 copy of introduction to Numismatics.
1 copy of Indian and Post Trader Tokens.
1 original copy of the articles of incorporation for the National Utah Token Society.
Approxamately 200 flyers and membership applications.
4 hand drawn medal designs.
7 paper file folders.
1 8"x10" photo of miscllaneous religious items.
17 sheets of miscllaneous correspondence.
Miscellaneous membership recipts 1983-1989.
3 award certificaters.
Approxamatly 200 2"x2" coin holders.
N.U.T.S. A.N.A. membership certificates for 1990, 1991 and 1992.
1 display box.

These items are in my possession and are avalable for study and inspection.

GEORGE E. WILSON
TRUSTEE NATIONAL UTAH TOKEN SOCIETY

The above is a full description of the items given by the National Utah Token Society to the care of George E. Wilson.

DATE

RALPH GOLD
PRESIDENT NATIONAL UTAH TOKEN SOCIETY

Items donated by Bob Campbell to the National Utah Token Society.

1 N.U.T.S./A.T.C.O. wooden nickel, which shows the Statue of Liberty on the obverse and reads, Salt Lake City Utah 4th annual A.T.C.O. convention 1 of 100 by N.U.T.S. Oct. 10-12 1986 on the reverse.
1 over struck U.S. cent with the N.U.T.S. club logo on the obverse and reads 2nd annual N.U.T.S. Coin and Token Show 1 of 300 June 27,28 1987 on the reverse.

Items donated by George Wilson to the National Utah Token Society.

2 1989 N.U.T.S. medals 1 struck in Brass and 1 struck in Silver. Both of which show the results of a broken reverse die. Both medals are contained in a custom plastic holder.
1 signed and notarized statement as to the ownership and production of these 2 medals.

These items are in my possession and are avalable for study and inspection.

GEORGE E. WILSON
TRUSTEE NATIONAL UTAH TOKEN SOCIETY

The above is a full description of the items donated to the National Utah Token Society and given to the care of George E. Wilson.

RALPH GOLD
PRESIDENT NATIONAL UTAH TOKEN SOCIETY

FROM THE EDITOR:

I want to personally thank everyone for thier help and support this past year. It has been a different experience to be the editor of the Token Hunter. I feel it was an honor to serve in this capacity. As I look back on this past year, where has it gone?
It was fun to put out the newsletter. I know that our new editor will do a surpurb job. Thank you all for the opportunity.

NEW OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS:

The 1993 club officers and board members are:

PRESIDENT:	Bill Brown
VICE-PRESIDENT:	Phil Lavorgna
SECRETARY:	Kerar Secor
TREASURER:	Jolene Henderson
EDITOR:	Karen Kay
WAGON-MASTERS:	Eric Jameson
	Bruce Dugger
	Eric Bernkopf

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By Bruce Robinson

Christmas is a time of tradition. Our families have traditions, our neighbors, cities, and towns have traditions. Our countries have special traditions. Some traditions are universal. Children everywhere hang up Christmas stockings. Did you Know that this particular tradition has numismatic origins?

Many years ago, as the legend goes, a young british lad was playing outside on Christmas eve. As will usually happen, the young fellow got his feet wet from the fresh snow. After a mild scolding from his mother, he was admonished to hang his socks near the fireplace to dry out and was sent to bed.

Later that same evening, as St. Nick was making his rounds, while decending that particular chimney, several gold sovereigns fell out of his pockets. Normanally, these coins would have fallen down into the grate, but because this was Christmas Eve (which we all know is a magical time), the coins fell not into the grate, but into the young lads drying stockings.

Children have been hanging Christmas stockings ever since, hoping to get presents in them. While you may not get any gold sovereigns in YOUR

SECOND ANNUAL

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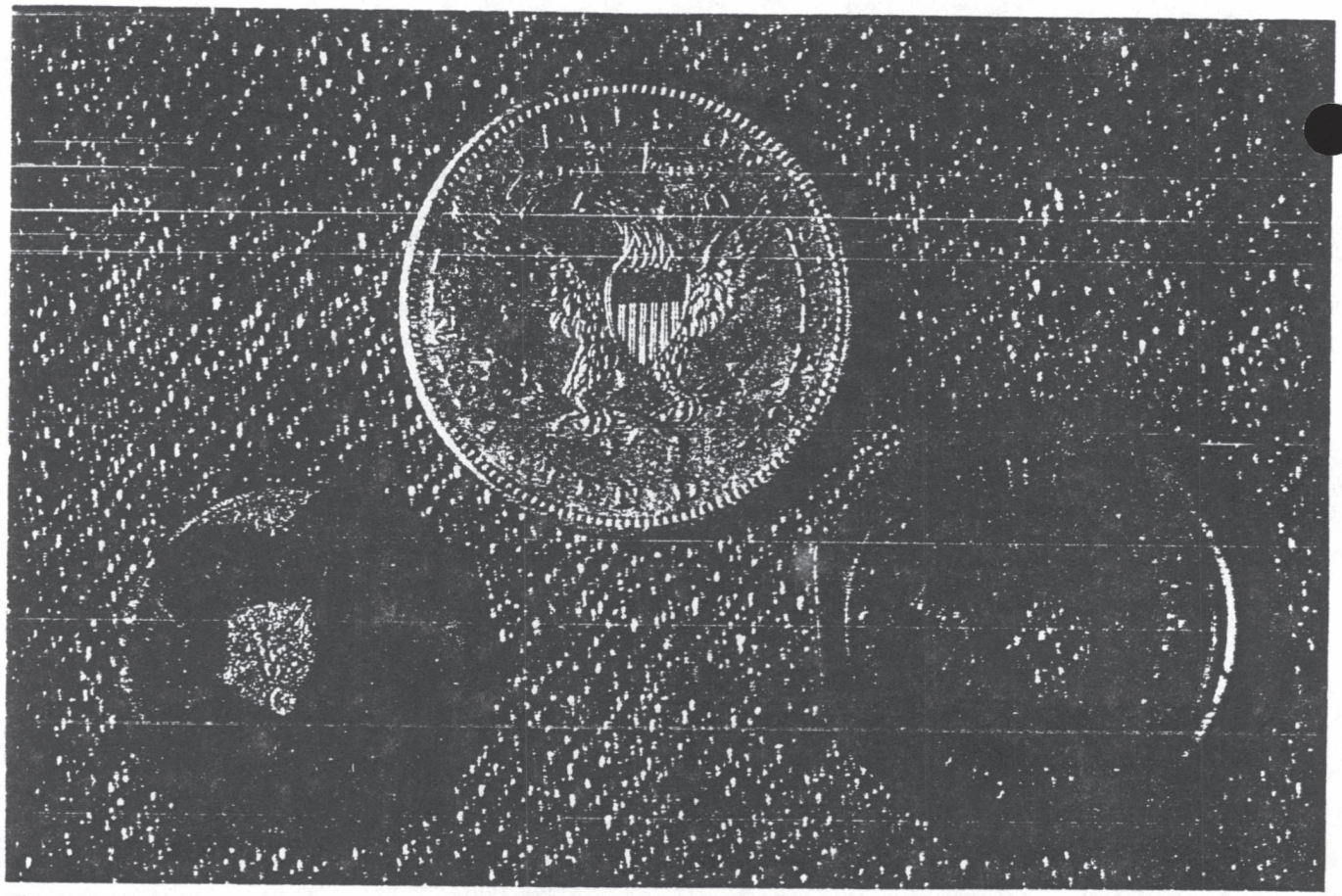


This 1881-S $10 gold piece found in Frisco was in near-BU condition. Unfortunately, the alkali soil had corroded the copper alloy in the coi etching the surface. A local coin dealer graded it EF damaged, and valued it at $250. Also pictured are an 1866 with rays Shield nickel an cancelled Distilling Liquor Company token. Obverse of the gold piece is on the cover.

If You're a Utah TH'er... You Gotta Be N.U.T.S.

By Richard F. Horne

We turned off the wet two-lane highway, onto the hail-strewn dirt road leading to the remnants of a ghost town overlooking us. The sagebrush-lined road was crowded with a number of travel trailers, motor homes, tents, and campsites. An ominous black cloud had just passed overhead and was making its way over the ridge, leaving downed tents and abandoned lawn chairs behind. As we drove in, people were just beginning to come out of their trailers and motor homes.

I pulled the white Ford Bronco up to some longtime friends that I hadn't seen for quite a while and got some smiles in return. We all shot the breeze for a few minutes and laughed about the disaster the hailstorm had made of the camp area.

Not much had been found two days into the four-day weekend, which wasn't good news, considering that more than 20 TH'ers from three different clubs had come to participate in the annual National Utah Token Society's "Old Frisco Hunt." The NUTS club had invited the Trails West Artifact Society from Ogden, Utah and the Intermountain Treasure Hunters Association from Kaysville, Utah to join them for the Memorial weekend. My good friend and hunting partner, Sid White, and I had driven the five hours from Salt Lake to Frisco, Utah on Saturday morning. We didn't want to miss out on the good finds that show up each year at this annual event.

Frisco is one of those old ghost towns that has been hunted to death, yet still has a hidden treasure or two for the diligent or lucky. In fact, a few gold coins and rare saloon and Utah territorial tokens have been taken out in recent years. Founded in 1876, Frisco was one of the wildest mining towns of the Old West, with around 6,000 residents, many of them miners, producing over $60,000,000 in silver between 1880 and 1885.

This was my second visit to Frisco

→

and first attempt at hunting it. Sid had hunted Frisco several times and persuaded me to do some screening with him, in addition to my usual coinshooting. Because of my recent back surgery, we had decided to do our screening together. Sid would do the majority of the shoveling, and I would do the actual screening of the material.

We set up in a spot Sid picked out, right near a hotel that coined one of the few tokens known from the Utah Territory. The Utah territory once encompassed much of present Nevada, Utah, the western third of Colorado, and a small portion of the Nebraska Territory which would later become part of Wyoming.

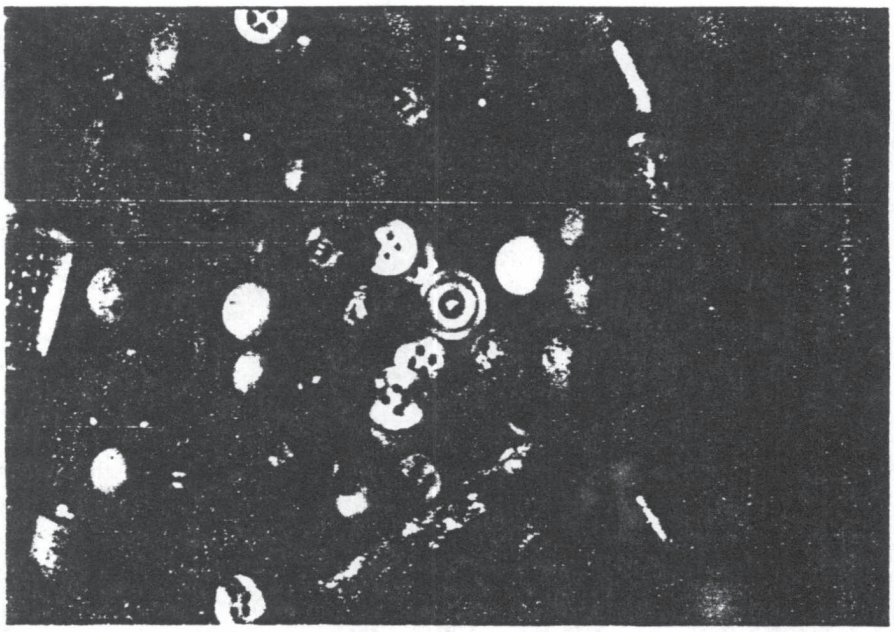
Before long, the dirt was flying onto the screen, and I was busily sorting through the various pieces of broken bottles, scrap tin, and other garbage in hopes of locating some coins, tokens, marbles, bottles, and whatever other treasures lurked beneath the surface.

Pickings were slim for the first hour, and I decided to give my detector a workout in some of the sagebrush areas above town. The hunting was dangerous, as thundering black clouds would speedily move in to sprinkle us with rain and jab at us with lightning strikes. I was not thrilled at the prospect of hunting near a mountaintop during a lightning storm, so I moved into a friend's motor home for some temporary shelter.

Finally, the train of lightning storms passed by, and I spent the next little while recovering a barrage of spent bullets in a small wash on the hill overlooking town. I eventually headed back to our screen to see how Sid was doing.

While I sipped on a cool drink, Sid found his first coin. He walked over to the truck with a 1902 "V" nickel — not a very old coin, considering the age of the town, but better than nothing. Sid joined me for a short break, and then we headed back to the screens to see if anything else might turn up. I got into the hole and gingerly began shoveling dirt up onto the homemade screen.

We were right on top of what looked like a second, deeper burn layer when we started finding some of the telltale signs of a really good spot. Bottles, bottle stoppers, and other goodies were becoming more frequent, as well as hundreds of round, rusty bottle tops that slowed the screening process to a near standstill. After we had switched back and forth between the digging and screening a couple times, I threw up a load of dirt, and Sid hollered, "Coin!" I hopped out of the hole to see what we had found. After some rubbing, Sid pronounced the coin a Shield nickel. The date was unreadable at the time, but it turned out to be an 1866 with rays after some cleaning at home.



A variety of non-metallic objects are found while screening, including marbles, buttons, bottles, bottle stoppers, and even an occasional scorpion.

Sid took a turn heaving dirt up onto the screen, and before long I picked a coin-like object out of the bits of glass, rock, nails and rusty tin. It was nickel-sized and brown. I hollered, "Coin," and this time Sid jumped out of the hole for a look. We were able to make out the design of a Shield nickel, and the date 1869 — the third nickel of the day. Our enthusiasm was beginning to grow.

Considering the sorry luck that everyone else was having, we felt very fortunate at finding three coins in such a short period of time. We had found a hotspot and wanted to make the most of it. I volunteered to take a turn in the hole while Sid did the screening.

Looking around in the hole, I worked into the burn layer and began tossing a few shovelfuls of dirt up onto the screen. A sizable heap was building, and as I threw the next load up, Sid grabbed into the pile with his hand and started yelling and dancing. I hopped up out of the hole, only to have Sid grab me and whirl me around like a rag doll. He started blabbering about a gold coin and wouldn't open his clenched fist to let me see! Soon, people were running in from all directions, and finally he handed me the coin.

I could hardly believe it. The first thing I thought was that it was very heavy for a coin. Unlike the coins we had already found, it was almost as clean as the day it was lost. I looked close and saw the date, 1881. On the back were the words **"Ten D."** and the **"S"** mint mark. I was stunned — an 1881-S $10 gold piece was in my hand! I finally had found my first gold coin. I handed the coin back to Sid as the crowd began to arrive. A friend came down with his video camera and began filming the fun.

Our little screening area became a beehive of activity. The somber mood that had hung over the camp earlier was now gone. Everyone was excited about the gold coin and wondered if others might be here in the same area.

I stepped down into our diggings and anxiously shoveled to see if I could find some friends of the $10 gold piece. After sorting through a couple more screens, Sid hollered, "Token!" The crowd of TH'ers leaned in to see what had been found. It was a token from the Distilling Liquor House in nearby Milford, "Good For 5¢ In Trade," and had, unfortunately, been cancelled with the typical hole punch through the center. Not an uncommon trade token, but still a great find.

We dug up some bottles and a few nice marbles, and then we noticed it would soon be dark. Dozens of yearning eyes were watching us. We knew we would have to leave soon, to have Sid back to work early Sunday morning, and it was a five-hour drive back to Salt Lake. We both looked at each other and came to an agreement. Sid told everyone, "Go get your screens and come and join us. We have to be leaving in a little while anyway, and maybe with

everyone digging we can find another gold coin."

To say that things were chaotic would be an understatement. People began running off in all directions to retrieve equipment. Around us people were saving spots. One husband saved a spot right next to where the gold coin had been found and ordered his wife back to the motor home to get the screen, pronto. "And don't take your time!" he said as she slowly walked off to retrieve their screen. Sid and I leaned on our shovels and laughed.

Soon, dirt was flying in all directions as small groups huddled around their dusty screens. Spouses were telling each other, "Hurry up" or "You're shoveling too fast." A husband/wife team that was sharing our hole found a Shield nickel, and another group found a neat bottle. Satisfied with our half-day's work, Sid and I lifted our screen off the pile of dirt we had sifted and stepped back to watch the scene. The only other thing I've seen like it is a feeding frenzy of sharks.

We laughed out loud as we packed our equipment into the Bronco. The camp was now filled with excitement and enthusiasm, a world apart from the drudgery that had existed only a few hours earlier. "These people are nuts," I said, as I took my last look around before I climbed in the truck.

The sun edged below the western horizon of the rugged mountains on the Utah-Nevada border. The camp was covered in long shadows from the hollow structures of the old hotels and saloons. "The old west is pretty exciting," I thought. The dirt was still flying and the air was full of excitement at the possibility of striking it rich, just as it was when Old Frisco was alive.

* * *

Those interested in information about the National Utah Token Society can contact the club at:

NUTS
1123 East 2100 South
Salt Lake City, UT 84106

Since this outing, the Intermountain Treasure Hunters Association and Trails West Artifact Society have combined forces and can be contacted at:

Trails West Artifact Society
P.O. Box 95
Kaysville, UT 84037 ☆

RICHARD HORNE began detecting in 1975 as a Boy Scout. He mostly hunts old homes and ghost towns. He is currently working on a degree in electronics.

SILENT RING

Like finding a needle in a haystack, a group of northern Utah detectorists found a ring in the desert—and not just any ring.

Air Force Capt. Arnold Clarke was killed last fall during a training mission above the Utah desert. His widow requested that a search be conducted for items not located after the crash. She hoped to have her deceased husband's wedding ring on her hand when she gave birth in the spring.

Hill Air Force Base officials contacted the Trails West Artifact Society to search the F-16 crash site near Wildcat Hills.

The search centered on an area 100 yards long and 20 yards wide, where the largest F-16 parts had been found.

"The metal detectors were going off all over the place," said a member of the group. "There were just so many metal fragments."

In less than four hours, the pilot's keys were found in a scrub oak bush, but no ring was found that day.

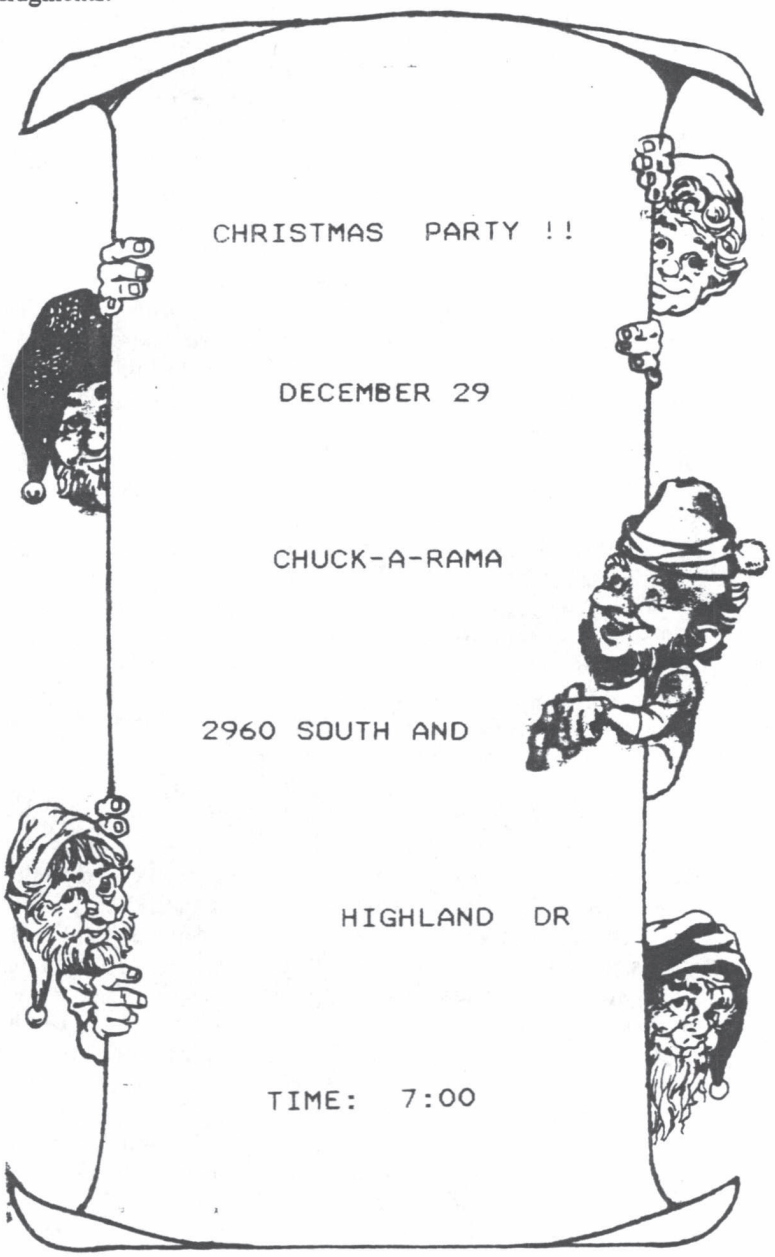
Some members of the group later returned to continue the search in the desolate region.

"I came to a sagebrush that had been partially flattened," said one of the TH'ers. "I got a strong signal so I reached in and removed some crash parts. I still had a strong signal, so I moved the soil under the brush and that's when the ring was exposed."

The treasure hunting club received a commendation from the Air Force Base Commander for their humanitarian effort in the search.

The young widow held her husband's ring in her hand when she gave birth to a son.

From the Ogden Standard-Examiner, submitted by D.L. Hayes, Brigham City, Utah.



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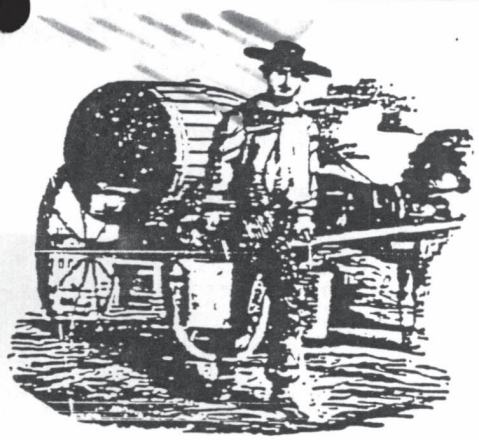

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